

Mike Mignola's *Macabre, Bizzare, & Legendary Tales*

Vol. 2

Includes three previously unpublished stories from:

HELLBOY



Mike Mignola's

Macabre, Bizzare, & Legendary Tales

Story and Art by **MIKE MIGNOLA**

Original Publications

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Sources:

Stories 1, 4, 7: "Hellboy v07: The Troll Witch and Others (2007) (Zone-Empire)" (1988x3056px digital)

Story 2: "Dark Horse Presents (Vol. 1) #142: Codex Arcana (1992-04) (Unknown)" (~980x-1530px scan)

Story 3: "Scatterbrain 004 (1998) (neverglad)" (942x1454px scan)

- Later collected versions are completely redrawn

Story 5: "Dark Horse Presents (Vol. 1) #107 (1996-03) (Unknown)" (~950x-1500 scan)

Story 6: "B.P.R.D. v01 - Hollow Earth & Other Stories (2004, 2nd edition) (Zone-Empire)" (1988x3056px digital)

Front Cover: "The Art of Hellboy (2003) (Son of Ultron II-Empire)" (2699x3600px digital)

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Mignola, Mike

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64 p. : il., 1024x1536 px.

Dr. Carp's Experiment

Story and Art: MIKE MIGNOLA

Colorist: DAVE STEWART // Editor: SCOTT ALLIE



LONG ISLAND, NEW YORK. 1991.



DOCTOR
CARP. BORN 1836.
DIED...? NOBODY
KNOWS.

REAL
DOCTOR?

HE
WAS...

THERE WERE RUMORS, AND A
POLICE INVESTIGATION. TURNS
OUT HE WAS A GRAND MASTER
IN THE GOLDEN LODGE, THE
HELIOPIC BROTHERHOOD
OF RA.*

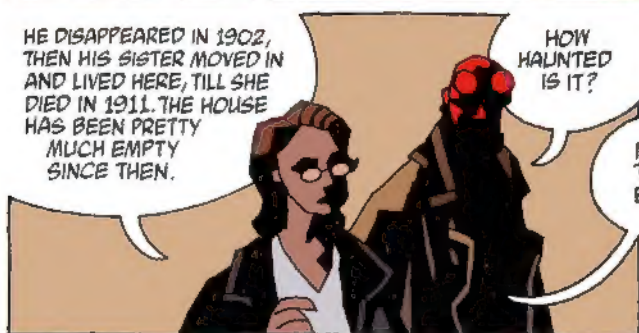


OH,
THOSE
GUYS...

SO HE WAS
CRAZY.



* BELIEVED TO BE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE SAN FRANCISCO EARTHQUAKE (1906) AND THE TUNGUSKA FOREST EXPLOSION (1908).





THE BUREAU'S* SENT THEIR PSYCHICS THROUGH HERE HALF A DOZEN TIMES OVER THE YEARS. AND YOU REMEMBER LESLIE CAMPBELL?

SHE'S GOOD.

SHE HELD A SITTING HERE A COUPLE YEARS AGO. EVERYBODY'S COME UP WITH PRETTY MUCH THE SAME THING...



"THE LOCATION BEARS A PSYCHIC IMPRINT DUE TO A SINGLE ACT OF VIOLENCE OR SOME OTHER STRONG EMOTIONAL TRAUMA. THERE IS NO EVIDENCE OF A SENTIENT MIND OR SPIRIT, AND NO--"

SHHH

WHAT? YOU HEAR SOMETHING?

YOU DON'T HEAR THAT?



IT'S A VOICE.

IS IT LATIN? IN 1928 MISS E.F. RIDDELL REPORTED HEARING LATIN, AND IN 1931--

SHHH...

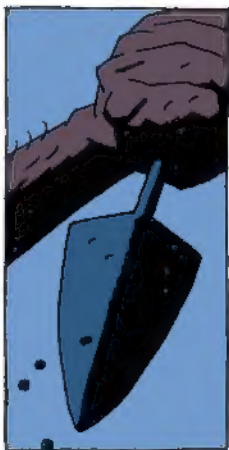


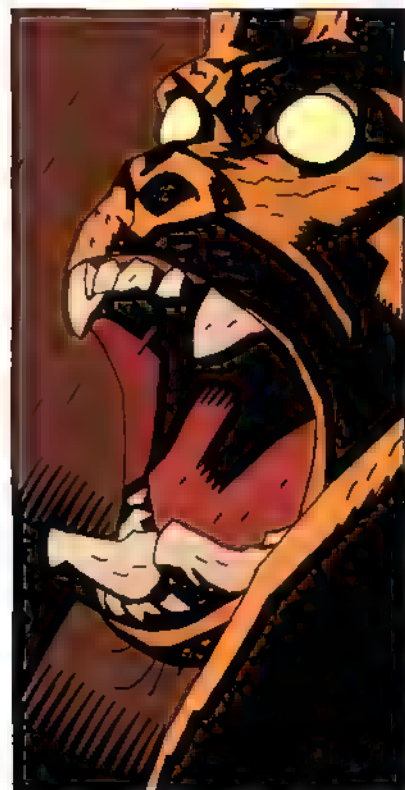


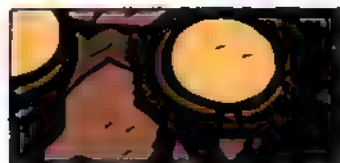
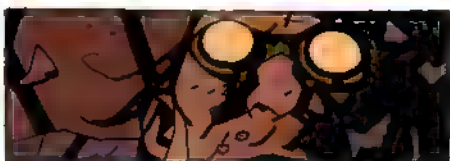
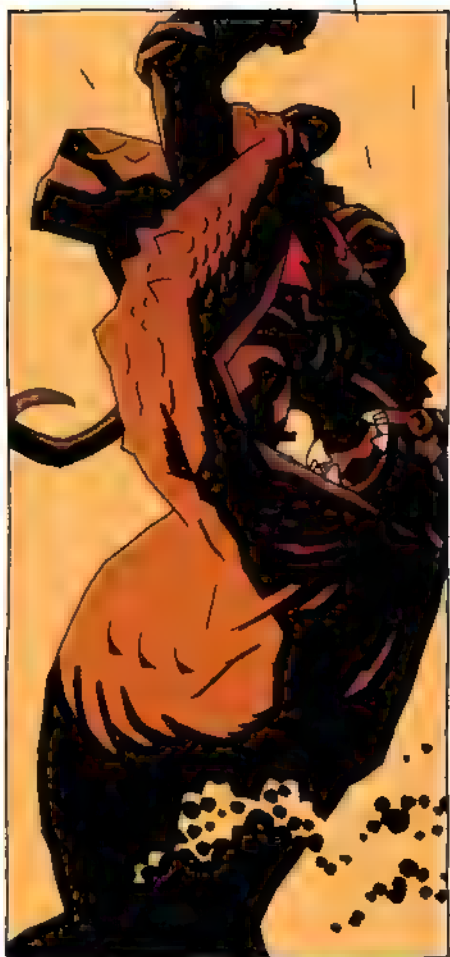


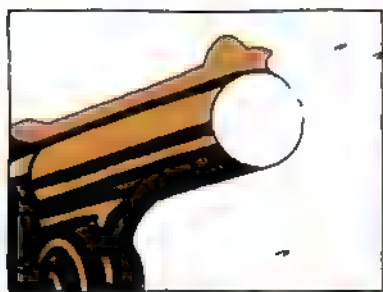


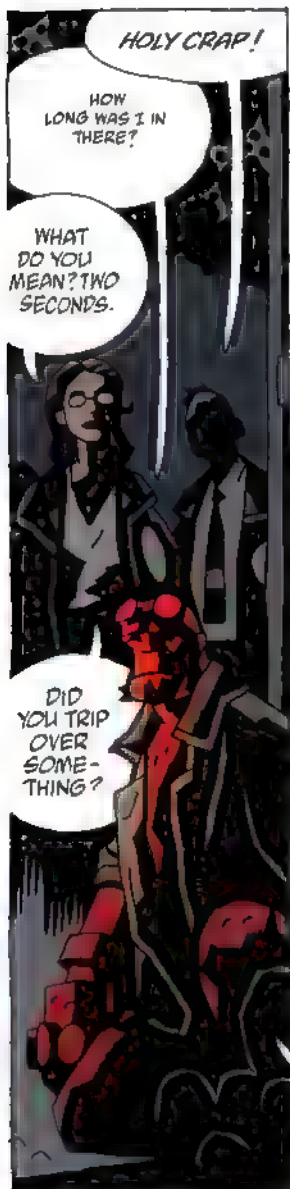


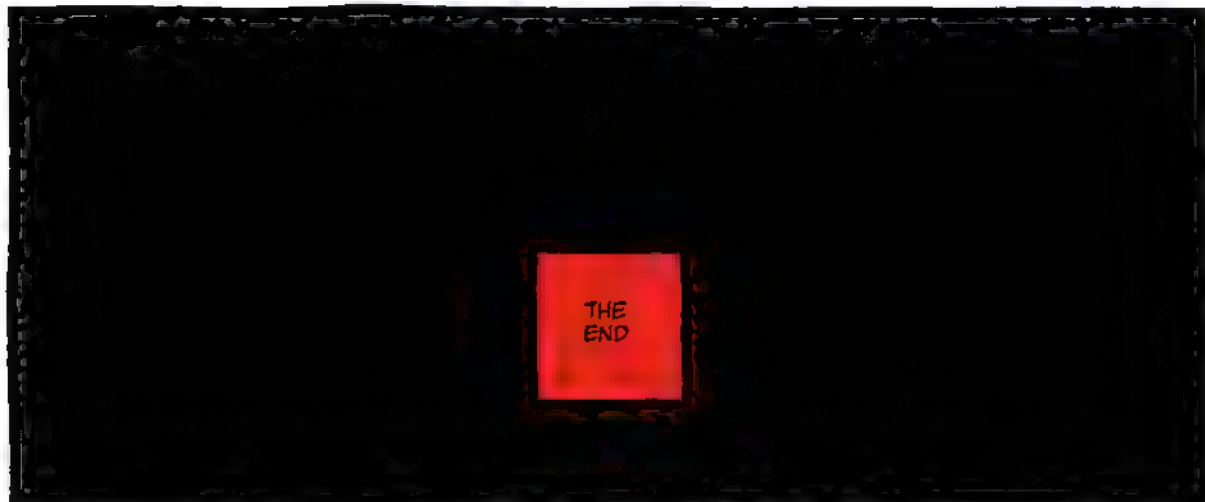
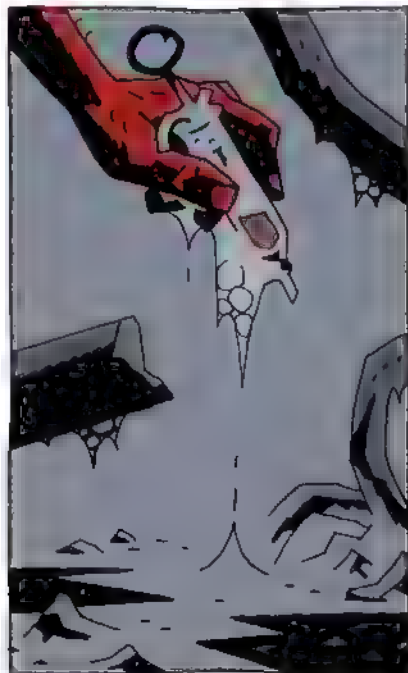
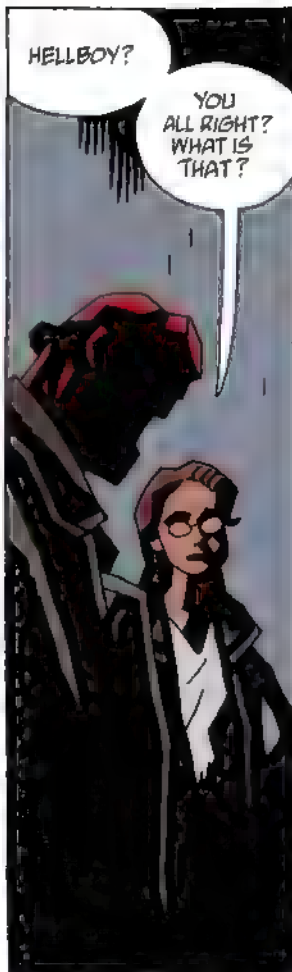












the BOOK ROOM HORROR

Introducing
DR. GOSBURO
COFFIN



WHISTLER
MASSACHUSETTS
1899.

HERE IS
WHERE IT
HAPPENED,
AND
THERE...

THE POOR
WRETCH IT
HAPPENED
TO JOHN
LESLIE
HORN

DON'T LIKE THE
LOOK OF HIM.

HE
WAS A
BAD
SORT?

NOT
BORN
BAD.

BY ALL
ACCOUNTS HE
WAS ACTUALLY A
VERY PROMISING
YOUNG MAN. MIGHT
HAVE MADE A GOOD
HONEST NAME FOR
HIMSELF, BUT HE
FELL IN WITH A BAD
CROWD. WITCHES
AND NECRO-
PHILES...

HE
DEVOTED HIM-
SELF TO THE
BLACK ARTS,
BECAME
OBSESSED WITH
ACQUIRING A
CERTAIN RARE AND
HORRIBLE OLD
BOOK...



"THE GHOST OF JOHN HORN APPEARS ONE NIGHT A YEAR, THE NIGHT THE ANNIVERSARY OF HIS DISINTEGRATION. IT'S TWENTY YEARS NOW SINCE IT HAPPENED."

"OWNERS, GUESTS, SERVANTS--THEY'VE ALL SEEN HIM IN THIS ROOM, BUT NO ONE HAS DARED CONFRONT HIM, YOU AND I WILL DO THAT."



"I HAVE A STRONG SENSE OF SOME UNFINISHED BUSINESS IN HERE. THE ATMOSPHERE IS STILL CHARGED WITH A KIND OF... POISON."



"THERE MAY BE SOME DANGER..."

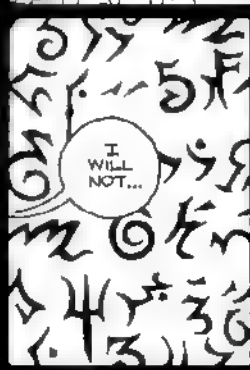
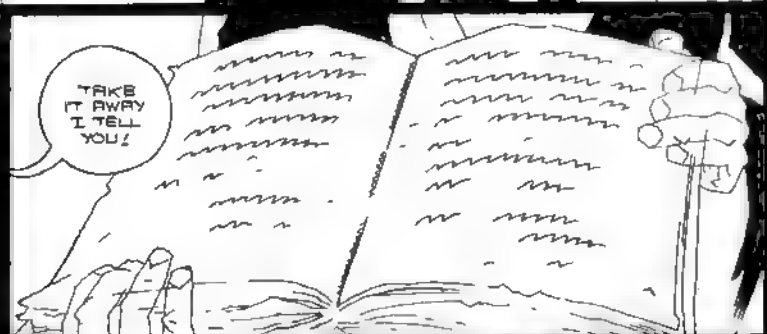
STIR
YOURSELF,
ALBERT, STIR
YOUR

ZZZZZZZ

JOHN HORN...

ZZZZZ







GOD HELP ME!
I'M INSIDE THE
DAMN BOOK!

CURSE
MY OWN
HERD!

NOW
IT'S GOT A
HOLD OF
ME!

I
LOOKED
TOO CLOSELY
AT THE
AWFUL
THING...

DOCTOR
DO NOT SHUT
YOURSELF OFF
FROM THE WISDOM
CONTAINED
HEREIN





MEANWHILE,
OUTSIDE THE
BOOK



♪



HUH?
WHAT?



I DON'T
LIKE THE LOOK
OF THAT!



OPEN
YOUR EYES,
DOCTOR

I WON'T



"THEN I WILL
BITE THEM OUT
OF YOUR SKULL"



STAB!



AAAAH



OW.

PARDON ME,
DOCTOR

BUT I THOUGHT
SUDDEN, DECISIVE
ACTION MIGHT BE
CALLED FOR.

WELL,
NOT *MUCH*
HARM DONE.

YOUR
INSTINCTS
AT LEAST ARE
GOOD



I WAS IN A
TIGHT SPOT
THERE FOR A
MOMENT

AND THE
BOOK .?

RIGHT

IF EVER
THERE WAS
A BOOK THAT
WANTED
BURNING



NOOOO.

DID YOU HEAR
SOMETHING?

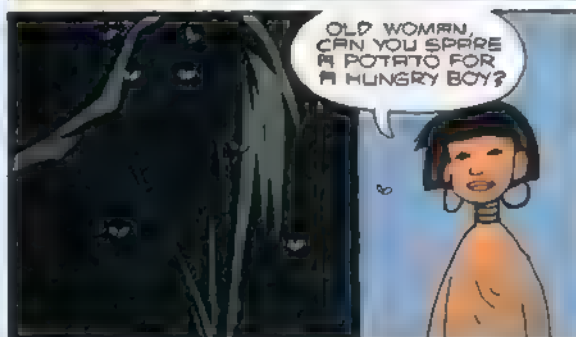
MAYBE THE
WIND WHISTLING
THROUGH A
DEAD SINNER'S
EMPTY GRAVE.

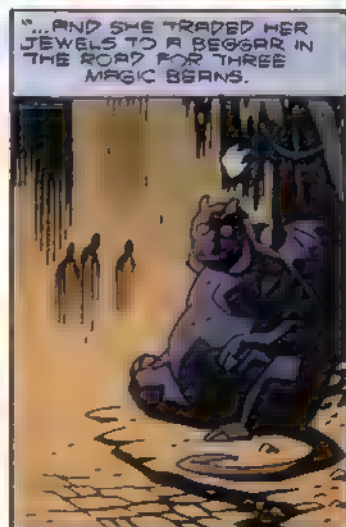


COULD HAVE
BEEN THAT.



THE
END



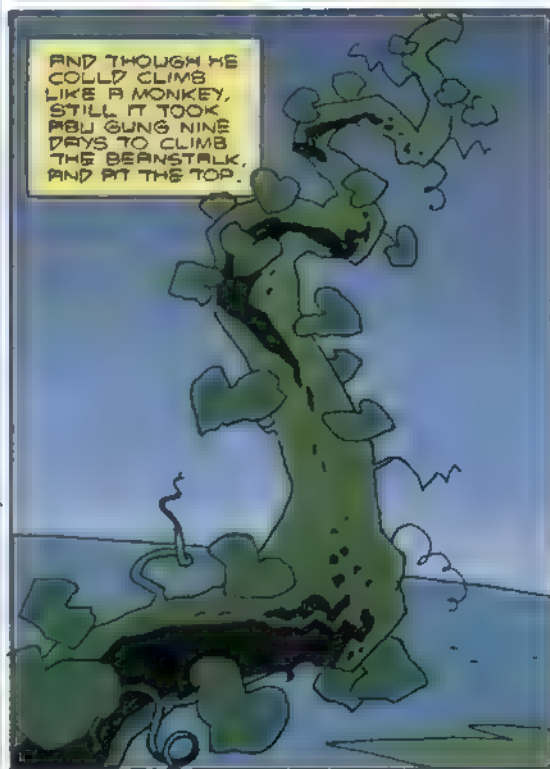




WE ARE
TWO OLD
WOMEN
WHO EAT
GARBAGE...



WE CAN'T
CLIMB.



AND THOUGH HE
COULD CLIMB
LIKE A MONKEY,
STILL IT TOOK
ABU GUNG NINE
DAYS TO CLIMB
THE BEANSTALK,
AND AT THE TOP.



THE DEVIL WAS WAITING

HEY, BOY, WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

I WON'T TELL YOU THAT, BUT I KNOW WHO YOU ARE. YOU SOLD THAT GIRL MAGIC BEANS!



HA! I'VE BEEN DOING THAT TRICK FOR FIVE HUNDRED YEARS. SHE GOT WHAT SHE DESERVED-- DEAD!



SHE'S NOT DEAD.

THE BEANSTALK GREW OUT OF HER LEFT NOSTRIL.



THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE. THE STALK IS TOO BIG.



WELL, IT DID STRETCH HER NOSE..



I SHOULD LIKE TO SEE A NOSE THAT BIG!

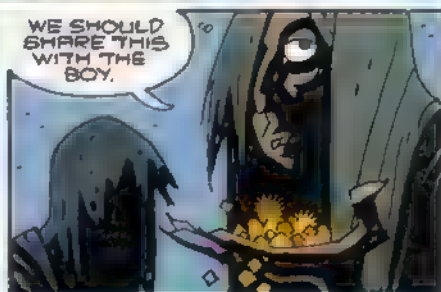
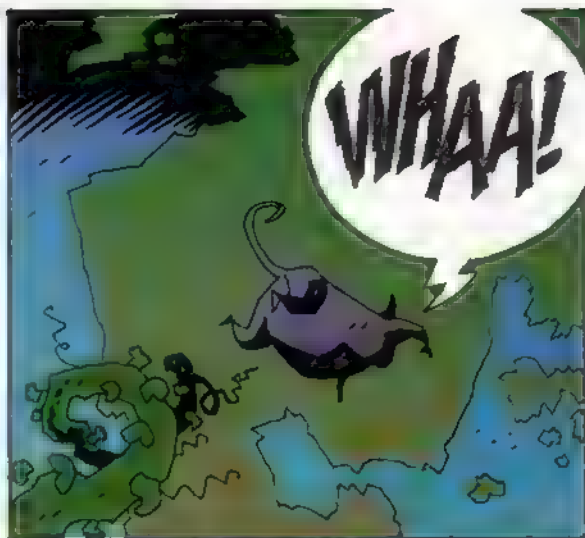
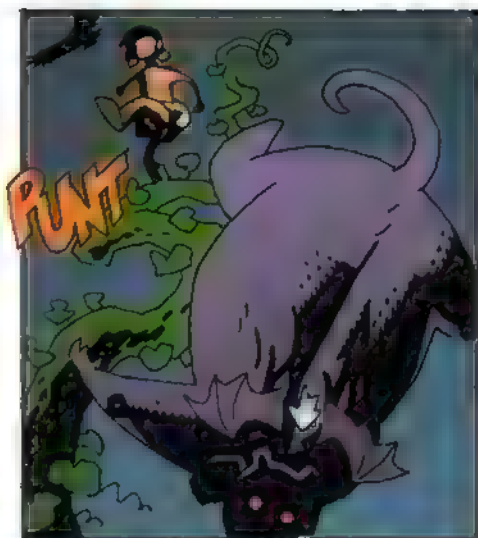
LOOK RIGHT THERE.

WHERE?

THERE.



I DON'T SEE ANYTHING!



The Ghoul or Reflections On Death and The Poetry Of Worms

Story and Art:
MIKE MIGNOLA
Colorist: DAVE STEWART
Editor: SCOTT ALLIE

LONDON,
1992.

ALAS, POOR
GHOST.

PITY ME
NOT, BUT LEND
THY SERIOUS
HEARING TO WHAT
I SHALL
UNFOLD.

SPEAK, I AM
BOUND TO
HEAR.

SO ART THOU TO REVENGE,
WHEN THOU SHALT HEAR

WHAT?

I AM
THY FATHER'S
SPIRIT.

DOOMED FOR A CERTAIN TERM
TO WALK THE NIGHT, AND FOR
THE DAY CONFINED TO FAST IN
FIRES, TILL THE FOUL CRIMES
DONE IN MY DAYS OF NATURE ARE
BURNT AND PURGED AWAY. BUT
THAT I AM FORBID TO TELL
THE SECRETS OF MY
PRISON-HOUSE.

I COULD A
TALE UNFOLD

KNOCK
KNOCK
KNOCK



YES?

MRS. STOKES, I'M PAULINE RASKIN FROM THE B.P.R.D. MY OFFICE CALLED YESTERDAY.

BUREAU FOR...

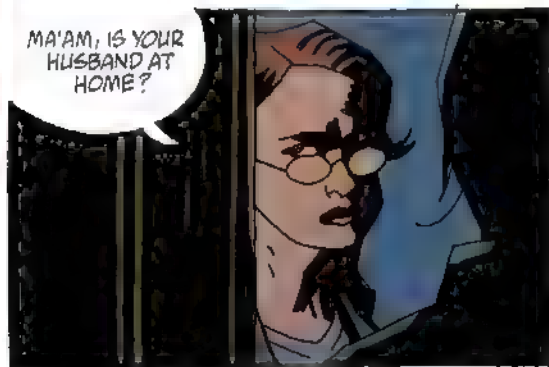


PARANORMAL RESEARCH AND DEFENSE, MA'AM.



OH YES.

COME IN, DEAR



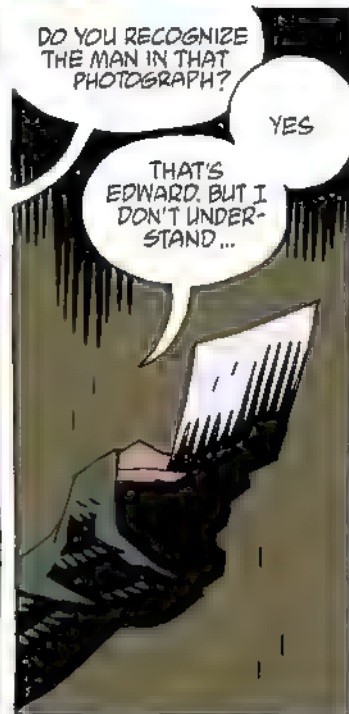
MA'AM, IS YOUR HUSBAND AT HOME?



I'M AFRAID EDWARD'S WORKING LATE THIS EVENING. IF YOU'D LIKE TO COME BACK ANOTHER TIME--

IT'S ALL RIGHT, MRS. STOKES. I CAME TO SEE YOU. I'D LIKE YOU TO LOOK AT SOME PHOTOS TAKEN BY A SECURITY CAMERA IN FOX HILL CEMETERY LAST TUESDAY NIGHT.

EXCUSE ME?

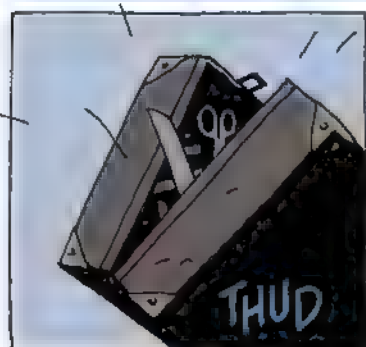
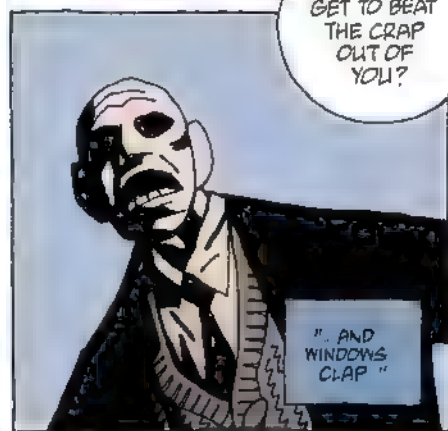
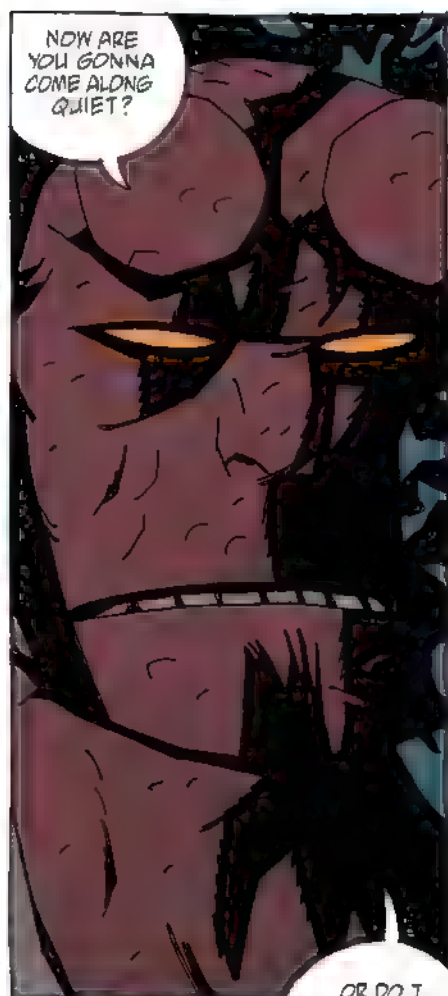


DO YOU RECOGNIZE THE MAN IN THAT PHOTOGRAPH?

YES

THAT'S EDWARD. BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND...







WHERE
YOU GOING,
ED?

WE KNOW
WHAT YOU'VE BEEN
DOING. WE KNOW
THAT WAS YOU LAST
YEAR IN LIVERPOOL.
AND BEFORE THAT
BRADFORD, AND
BEFORE THAT
SHEFFIELD.

AAAAHH!

"AND NIGHT'S FOUL BIRD
ROOK'D IN THE SPIRE
SCREAMS LOUD.."

MUNICH
IN '59. PRAGUE IN
'36. JUST HOW OLD
ARE YOU, ED? A
HUNDRED? TWO
HUNDRED
YEARS?

YOU
LOOK PRETTY
DAMN GOOD
FOR YOUR
AGE...



MUST BE
YOUR
DIET!

"THE GRAVE,
DREAD
THING..."



YOU SICK
PIECE OF
CRAP.

"THE GRAVE"





YOU'RE WORSE
THAN A CANNIBAL,
AND THAT'S SAYING
SOMETHING.

"THERE,
LONESOME
LISTEN TO THE SACRED
SOUNDS WHICH, AS THEY
LENGTHEN THRO' THE GOTHIC
VAULTS, IN HOLLOW
MURMURS REACH MY
RAVISH'D
EAR."

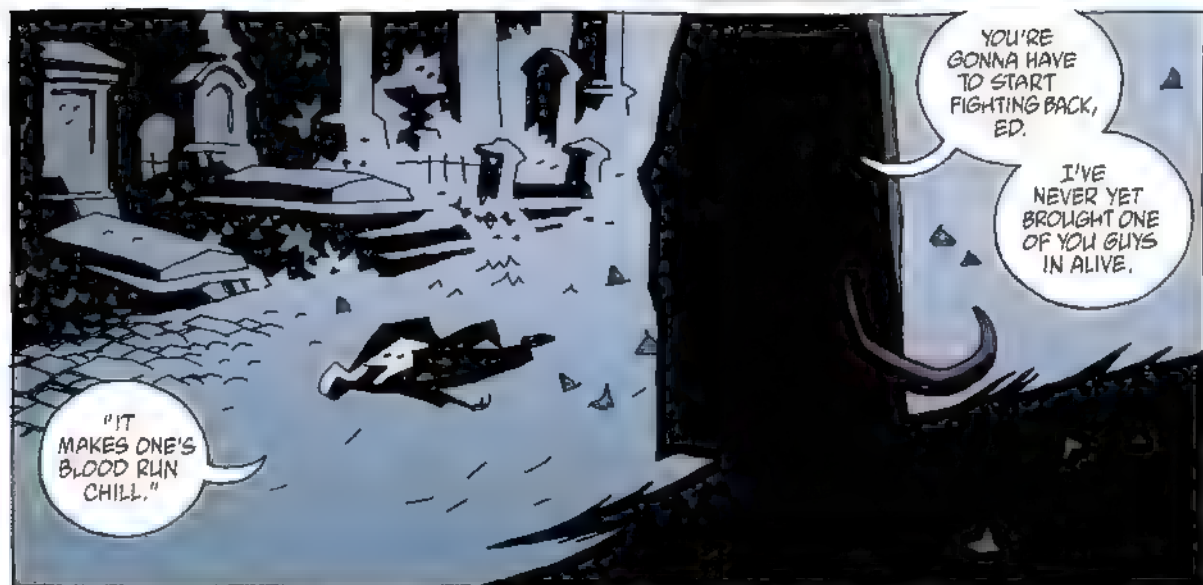
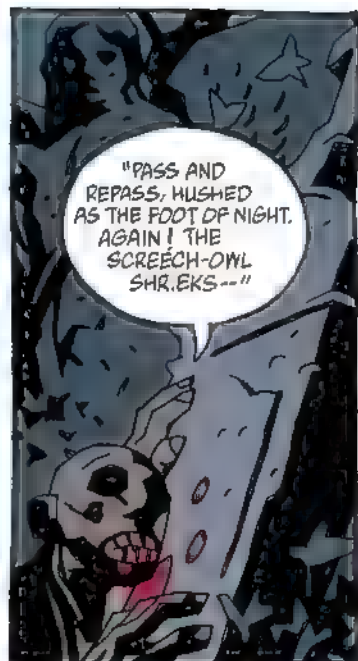
"DIVINE
MELPOMENE, SWEET
PITY'S NURSE, QUEEN
OF THE STATELY STEP,
AND FLOWING FALL. NOW
LET MONIMIA MOURN
WITH STREAMING
EYES...INCESTUOUS
AND POLLUTED
LOVE."



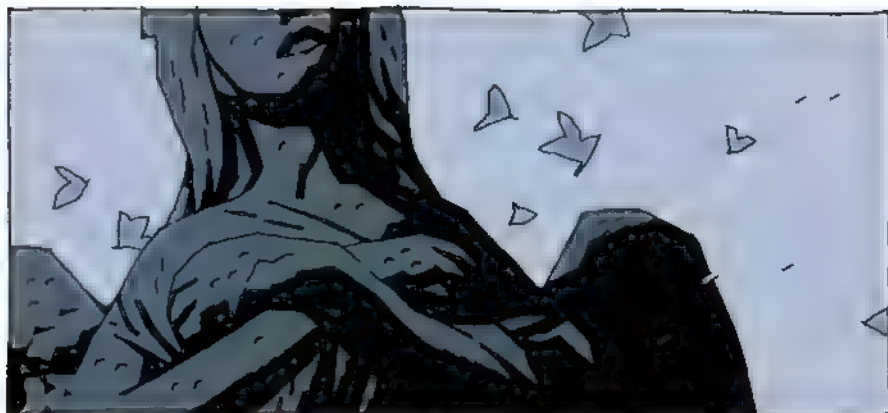
"NOW LET SOFT
JULIET IN THE
GAPING TOMB
PRINT THE LAST
KISS..."



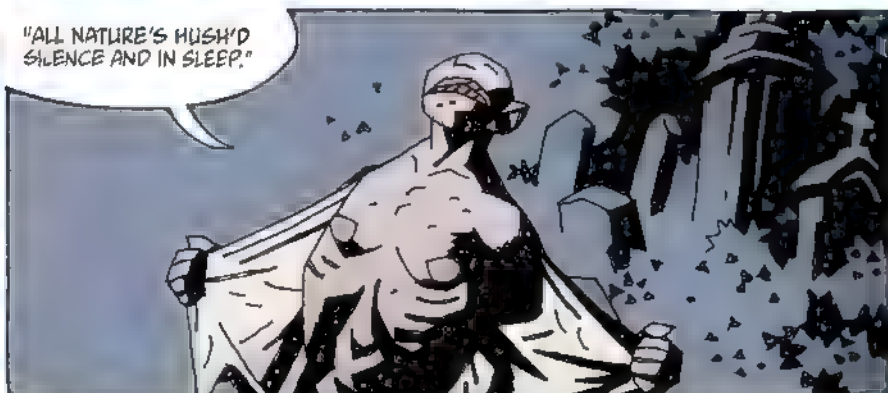
"...ON HER
TRUE ROMEO'S
LIPS."



"ROARS NOT THE RUSHING
WIND. THE SONS OF MEN
AND EVERY BEAST IN MUTE
OBLIVION LIE."

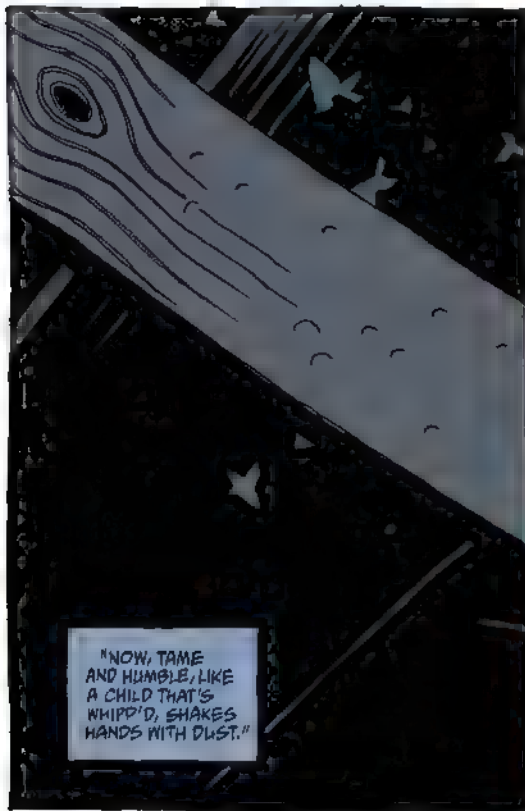


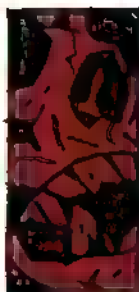
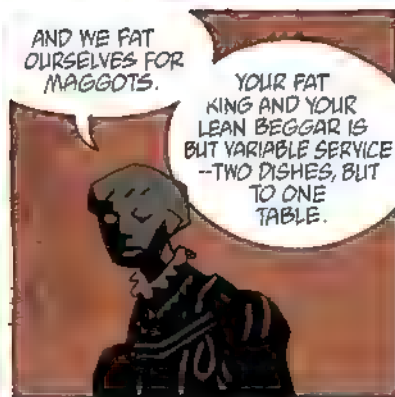
"ALL NATURE'S HUSH'D
SILENCE AND IN SLEEP."

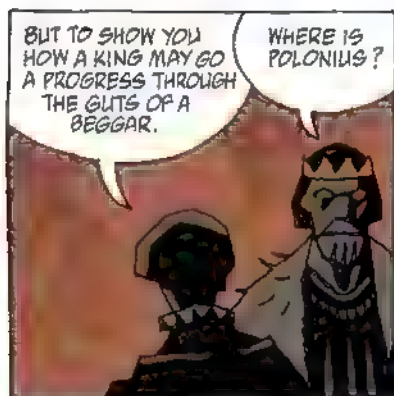


"NO
BEING
WAKES
BUT
ME."









The heartfelt rantings of the ghouls are taken from two poems—*The Pleasures of Melancholy* (Thomas Warton the younger, 1728–1746) and *The Grave* (Robert Blair, 1699–1746). The television program is, apparently, a puppet theater production of William Shakespeare's *Hamlet*.



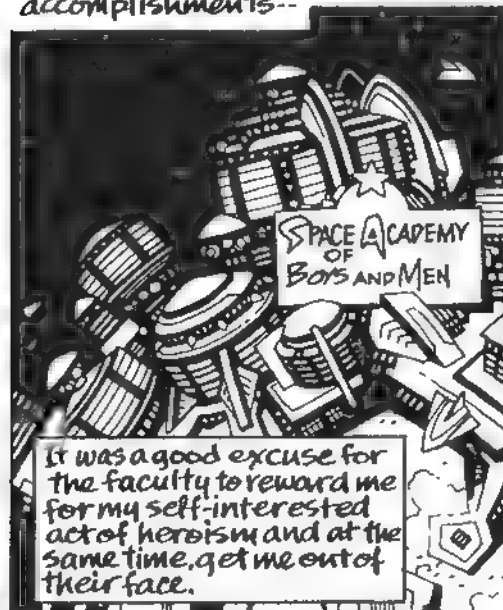


Journal Entry:
December 18,
2531, or maybe '32.
I've been pondering
the amazing course
of events leading to
my presidency. How
it was that I
could end up
here.

The peaceful
Neptunian
citizens are descendants
of a mix of 21st Century
Earth astronauts and
a primitive native life-
form I've never thought
of a better name for
than "Broccoli
Poodles."

Despite their question-
able genetic history,
they have hearts of
gold--two each.

I guess it started at the Academy.
I was graduated early with high
honors inconsistent with my
accomplishments--



It was a good excuse for
the faculty to reward me
for my self-interested
act of heroism and at the
same time, get me out of
their face.



RUSTY, HAVE YOU GOT THAT
TISSUE SAMPLE READY FOR MY
PROJECT? IT'S DUE TODAY!

SORRY, DREK.
I WAS CAUGHT
UP IN MY CELL-
DIVISION DEMO
AND WELL...HELL,
I GUESS I JUST
DON'T LIKE TO
CUT MYSELF.





I'M IN THE MOOD
FOR LOOOVE,
SIMPLY--
CAN I HELP YOU
FIND SOMETHING,
SON?

Mmmmm



THE CUSTODIAN'S HEAD
AND UPPER BODY WERE
CRUSHED TO JELLY AS IF BY
SOME MACHINELIKE FORCE.
AND NOW A WORD FROM
GRUBER BABY FOODS--

WEIRD.
THAT JANITOR
WAS JANK SWETT.
I COULDN'T STAND
HIM. HE USED TO
SPIT CHAW JUICE
ON MY BOOTS
AND THEN LAUGH
LIKE A
PARROT.



PRINTS DON'T LIE, CAPTAIN.
HE WAS APPARENTLY SQUEEZE
FLAT BY ONE OF THE
CADETS. RAZORCLAM,
RUSTY.

WE'LL BE
TAKING THAT
BOY'S LINENS
AWAY.



FOLLOWING THE BRUTAL
SQUEEZING OF AN ACADEMY
DRONE, IAN HARGASS, THE DEAN
OF BOYS, WAS DISCOVERED
MISSING THIS EVENING. A
COFFEE TABLE-SIZED
HANGNAIL THAT WAS FOUND
AT THE SCENE WAS THOUGHT
TO BE... UNRELATED.

SO, IT'S PICKING ON
MY GRUDGES AT THE ACADEMY.
IF I HAD BEEN ABOUT 6 FEET
TALLER, I MIGHT HAVE TAKEN
A POKE AT THAT OLD
GROWTH MYSELF



IT'S ALMOST AS IF THE
THUMB IS THINKING MY
MOST PRIMITIVE THOUGHTS,
OR I'M THINKING HIS. I
CAN'T HELP BUT FEEL
MINIMALLY RESPONSIBLE
FOR THE CARNAGE.



SKEEK, WE
WILL FIGHT
MANY DUMB
THUMB
MENS.

THANKS FOR
SHOWING UP, FLIP.
YOU TOO, PROBE. I CAN
USE THE AID OF YOUR
LEVEL HEADS.

MY HEAD CAN BE
VERY USEFUL. WOULD
YOU LIKE TO PARTAKE
OF THE EFFLUENT
TRACKING INFORMATION
ISSUING FROM
MY NAVIGATIONAL
CLUSTER, RUSTY?

THANKS,
PROBE, BUT THAT
WON'T BE NECESSARY.
I KNOW IT'S HEADED FOR
THE PLUTONIAN ASTEROID
QUARRY, I USED TO SMOKE
CIGARETTES THERE WHEN
I WAS LITTLE, LITTLER.
SOMEHOW I CAN
ANTICIPATE ALMOST
EVERYTHING
IT DOES.



HE'S VERY
QUICK FOR A JUMBO
THUMB GUY.



NEED I REMIND YOU,
DEEP SPACE IS RELA-
TIVELY FREE OF BULK-
RELATED LIMITATIONS?

Uh, THANKS.



DEAN
HARGASS
LOOKS RATTLED.
I ALMOST FEEL
SORRY FOR HIM.



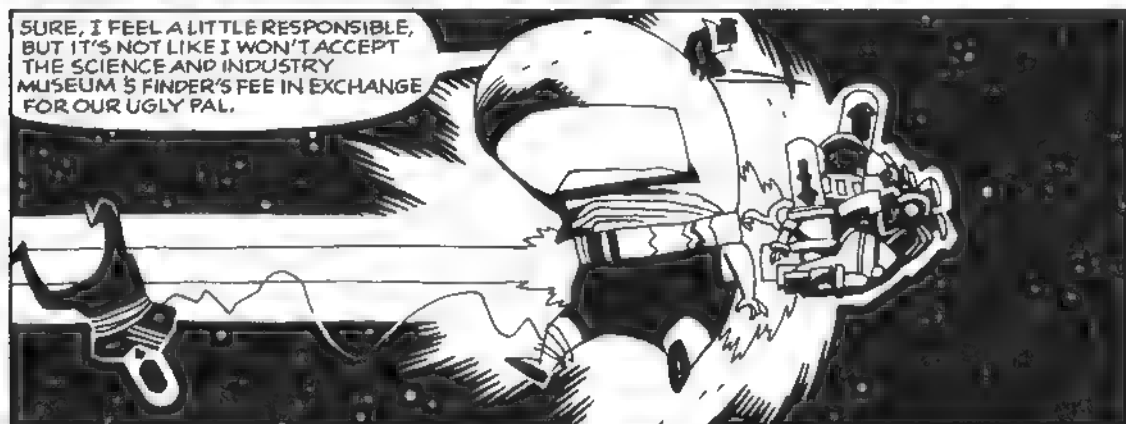
KRAA-AK-KK



My timing adjusted
and my mind tuned
into the thumbs,
I cautioned my
buddies and
signaled them
at the moment of
it's last, desperate
bolt for freedom.

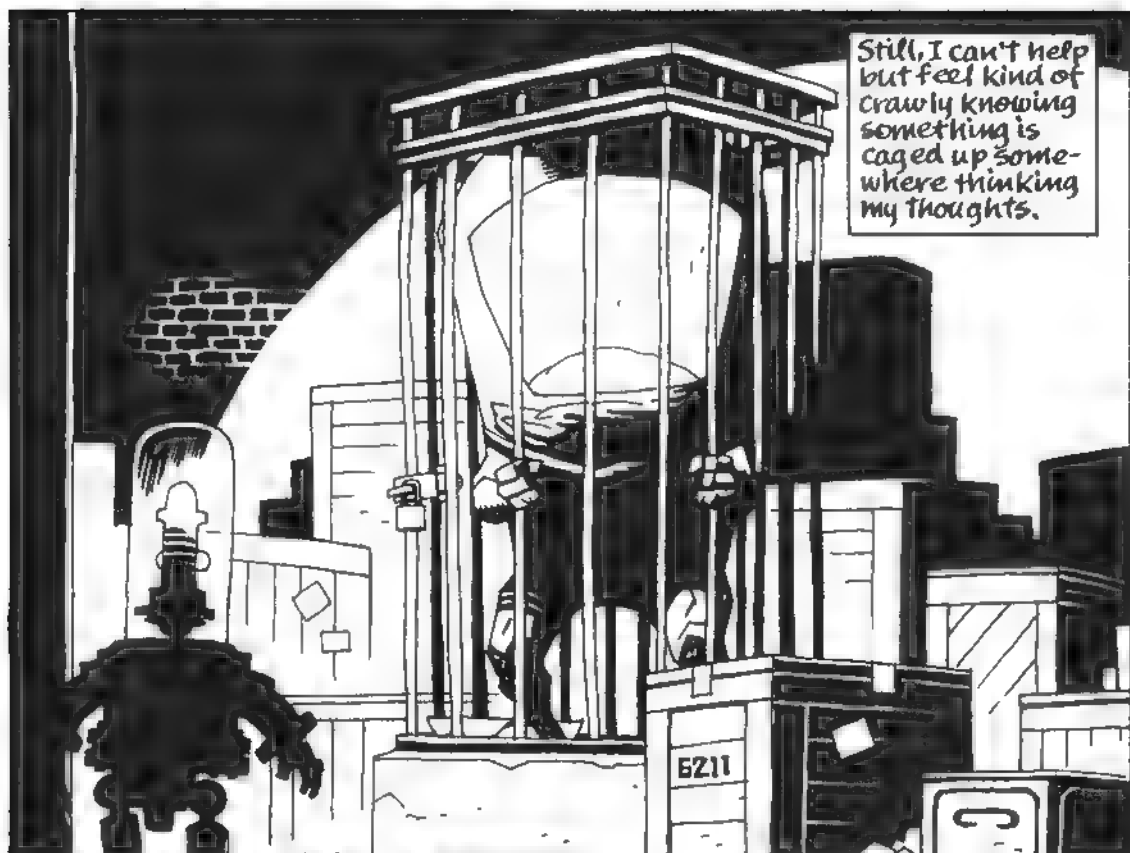


I PERCEIVE NO IM-
MEDIATE, ANTICIPATED
SHOW OF HOSTILITY--
OH! ITS LEG TWITCHED!
Mmm, uh, PERHAPS
NOT.

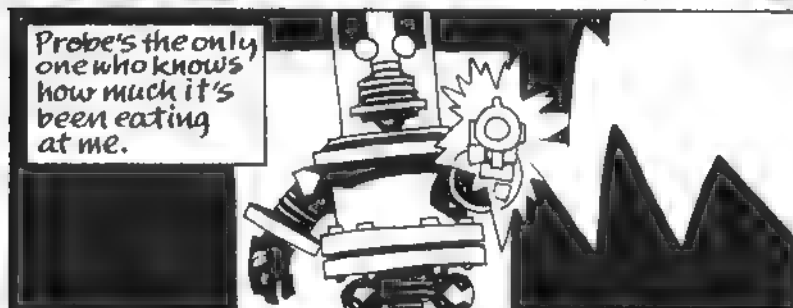


I did feel responsible.
Still do. They stuck that
fat lug in a museum
storeroom, right between
a laminated slice of
Einstein's brain and a
box of mummified cat
embryos.





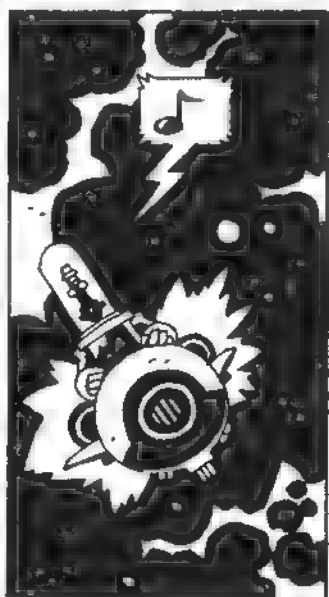
Still, I can't help but feel kind of crawly knowing something is caged up somewhere thinking my thoughts.



Probe's the only one who knows how much it's been eating at me.



MMMM





I KNEW
RIGHT AWAY,
PROBE. THE SECOND
IT HAPPENED. I'M
FEELING BETTER
ALREADY.

I HOPE YOU WON'T BE ANGRY
WITH ME, RUSTY. I HAVE COM-
MITTED A CRIME OF MY OWN
VOLITION.

ARE YOU DOCU-
MENTING THE
ABSURD
CIRCUMSTANCES
LEADING TO YOUR
ELECTION
AS PRESIDENT
OF NEPTUNE?



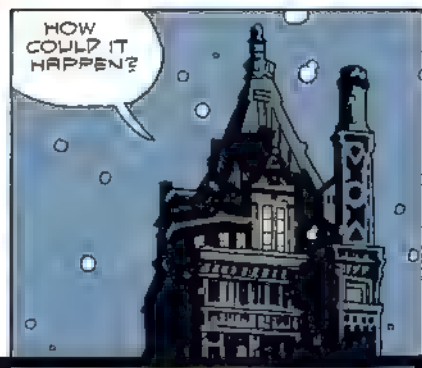
I'LL GET AROUND TO IT. RIGHT NOW, I'M
OFF TO BE SCRUBBED RAW, THEN I HAVE
TO STAY UP LATE MAKING
UP LAWS ABOUT STUFF.
IT'S A GOOD
LIFE.

Once the beefy,
primitive thumb was
set free to roam the stars,
I found I was no longer
troubled by its thoughts
or deeds. I think
everything is fine now.
But I guess it doesn't
really matter.

Does it?



End

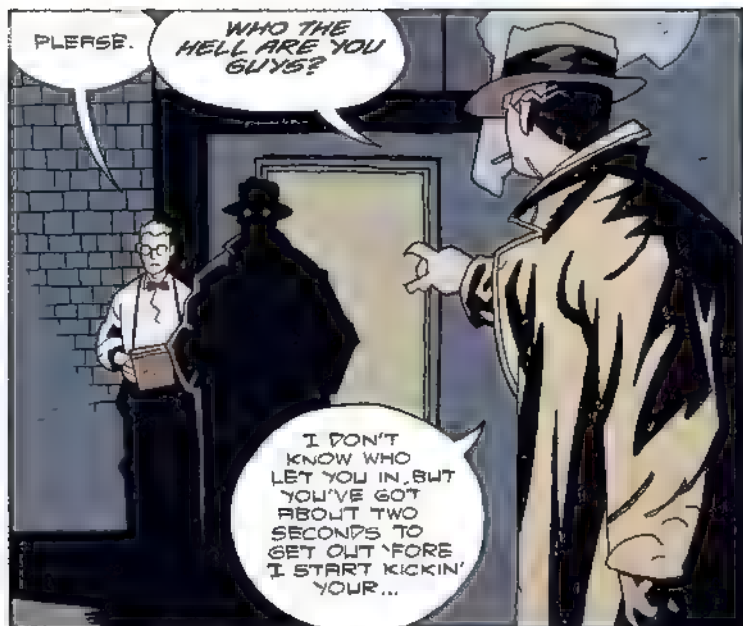


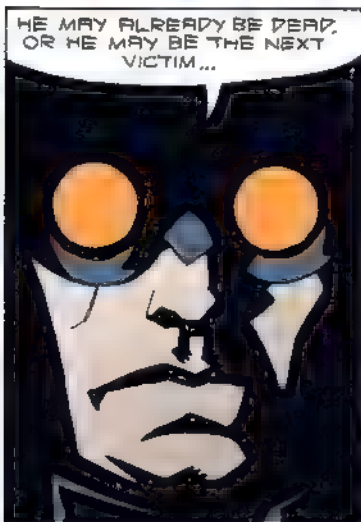
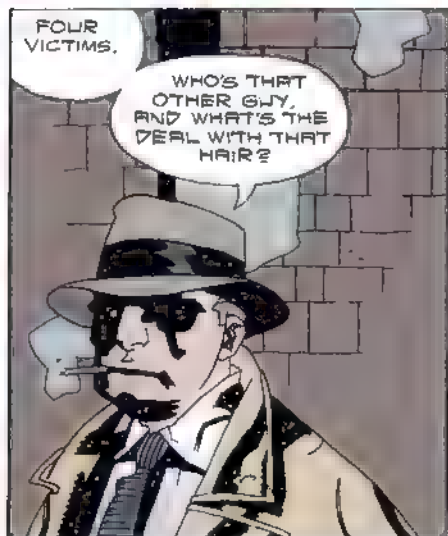
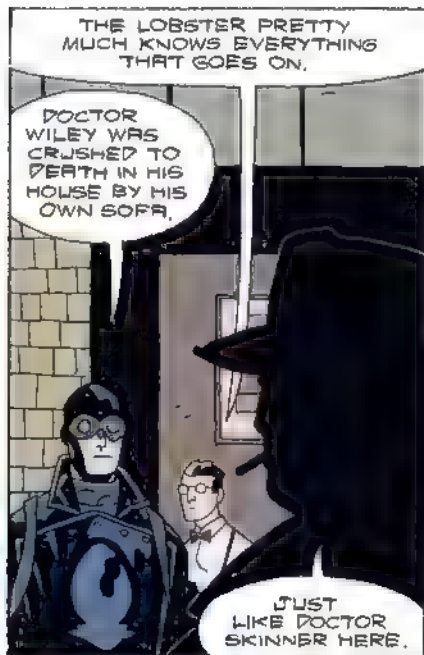
The Killer in My Skull

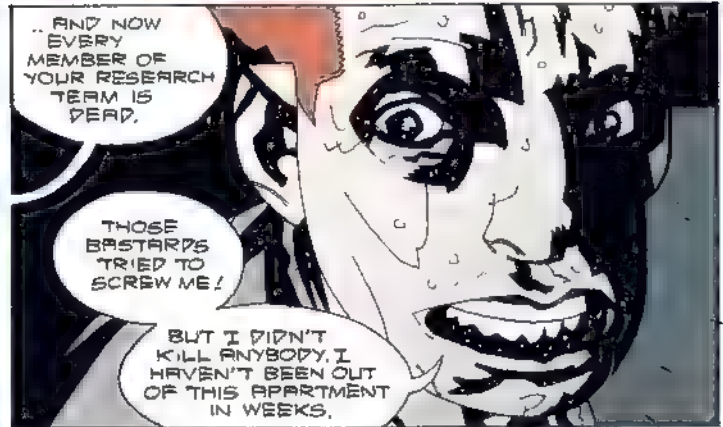
Story and Art: MIKE MIGNOLA / MATT SMITH / RYAN SOOK
Colorist: DAVE STEWART // Editor: SCOTT ALLIE

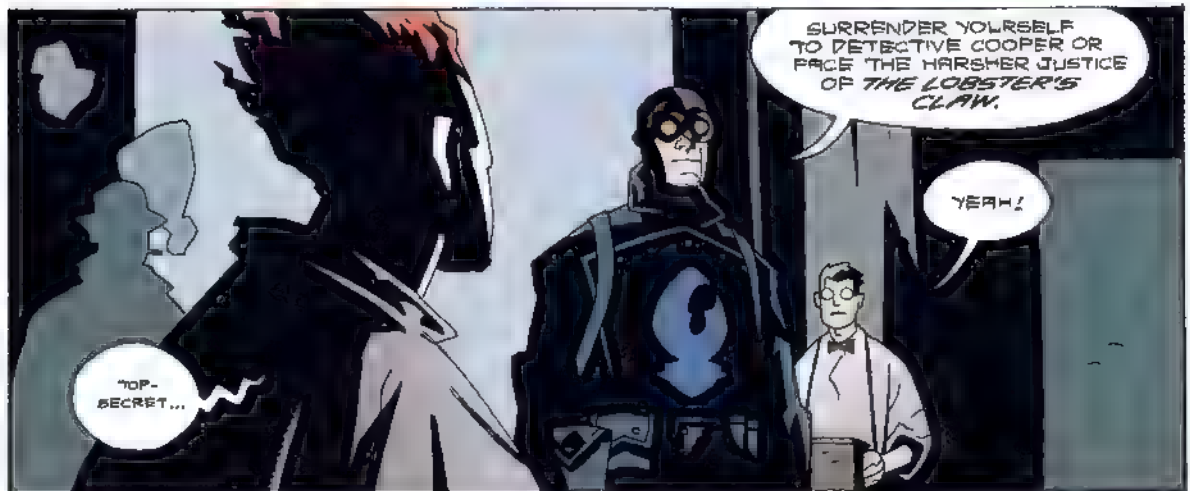
Introducing
**LOBSTER
JOHNSON**



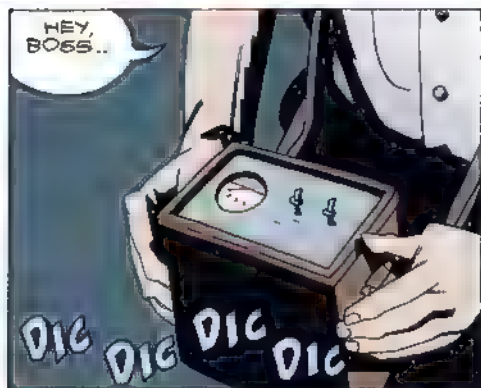






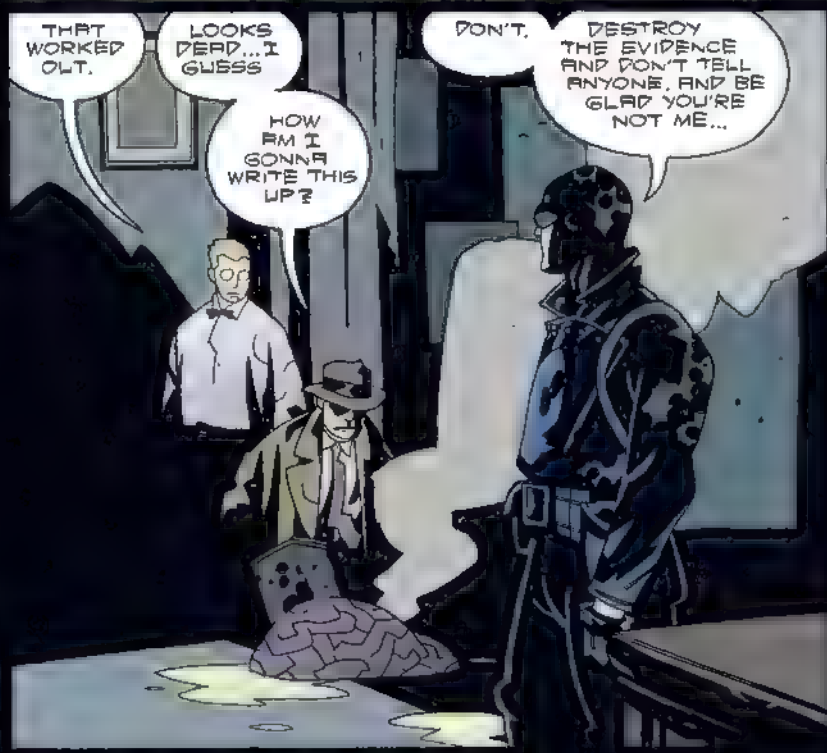
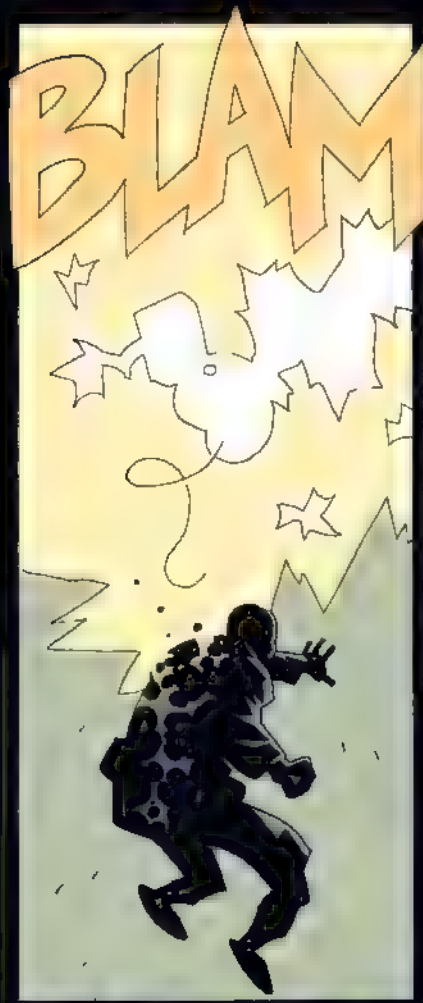








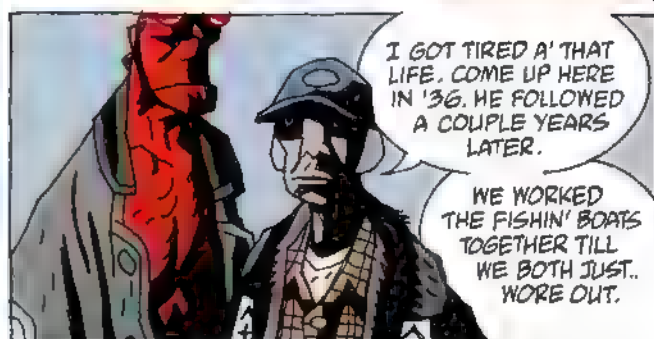
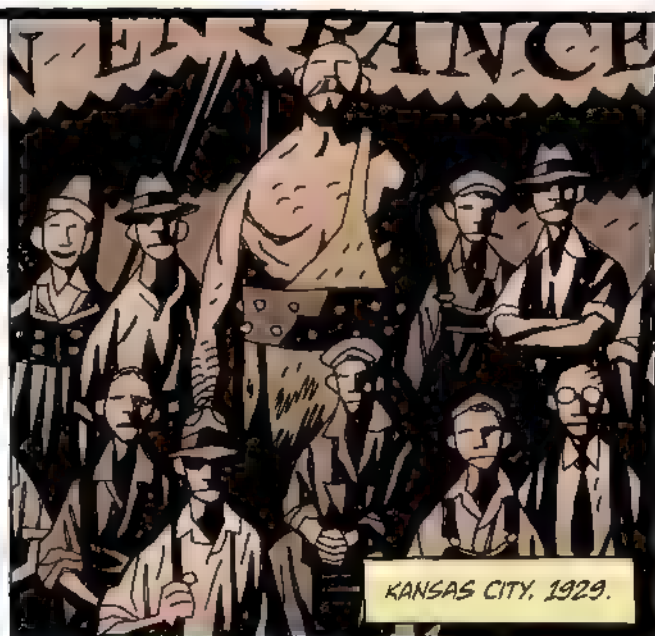


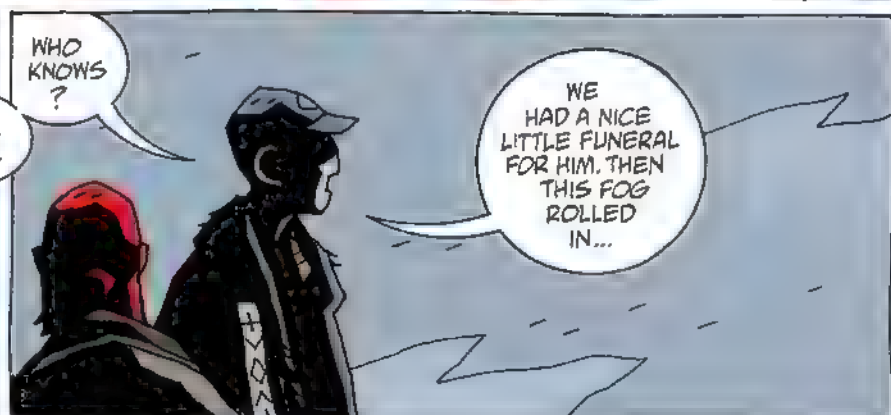
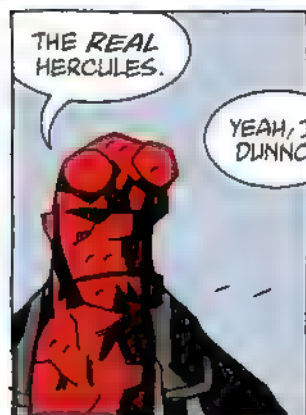
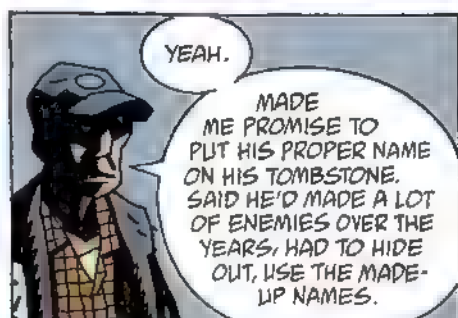
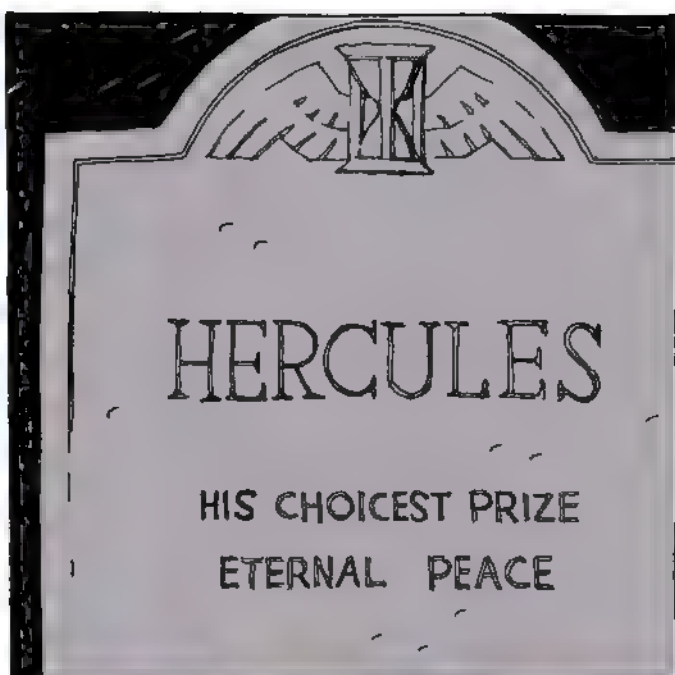


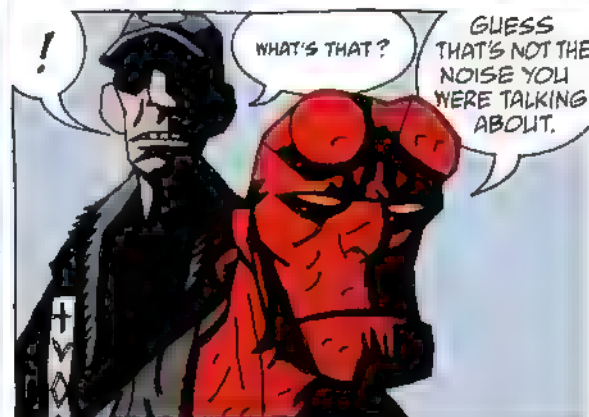


The Hydra and the Lion

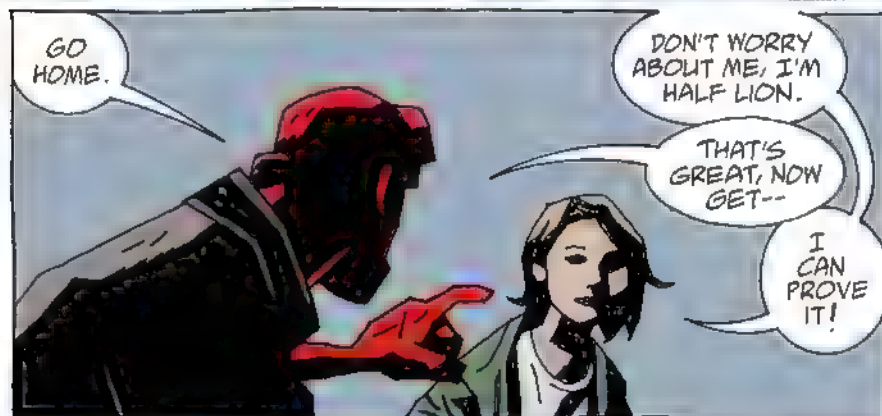
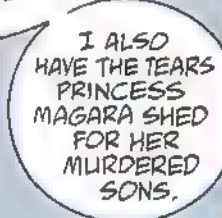
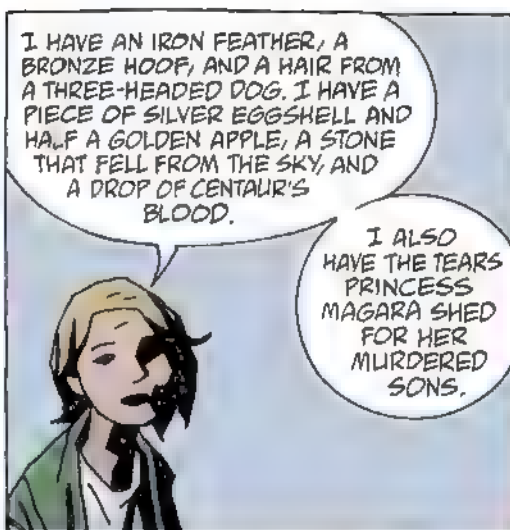
Story and Art: **MIKE MIGNOLA** Colorist **DAVE STEWART** // Editor **SCOTT ALLIE**

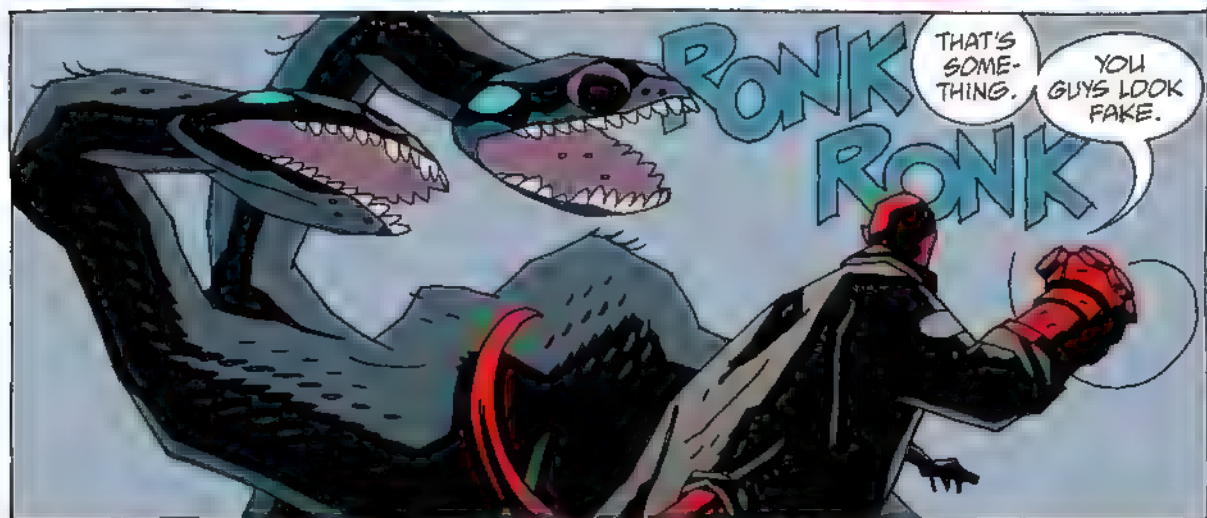
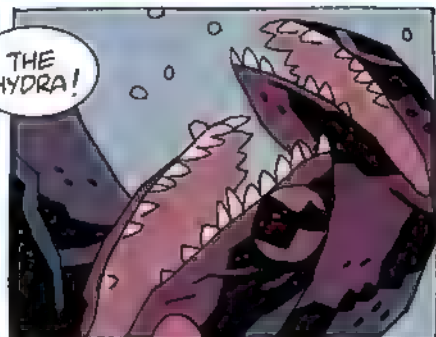
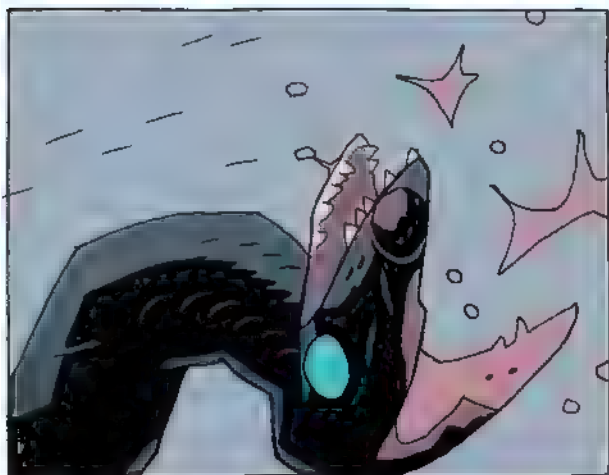
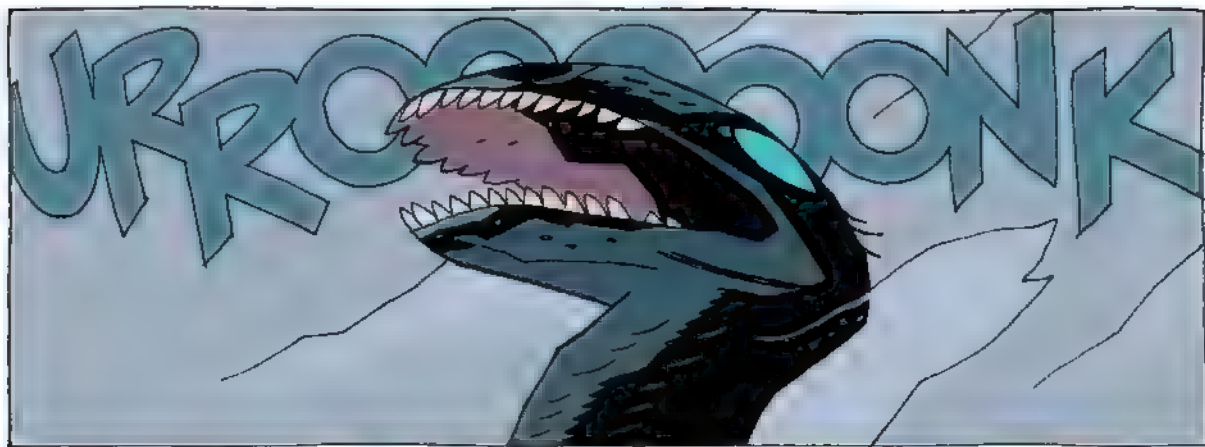


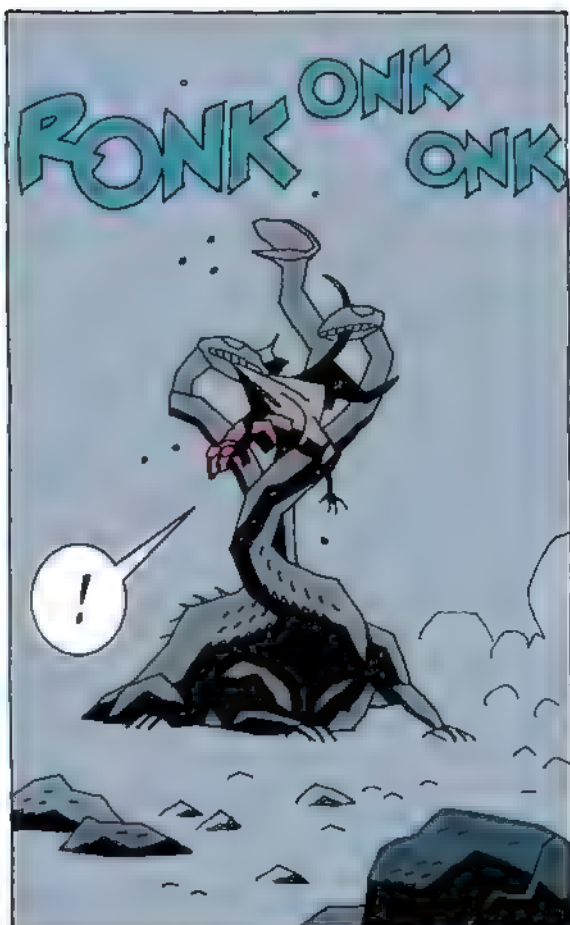
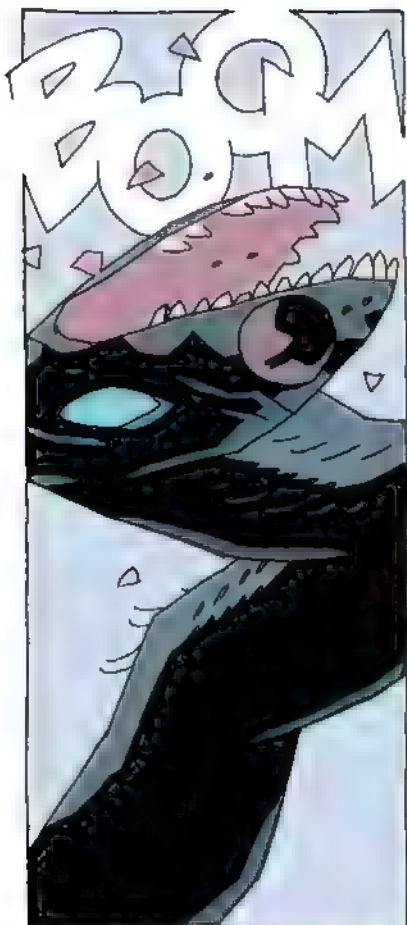


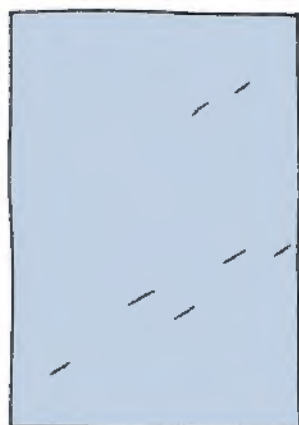




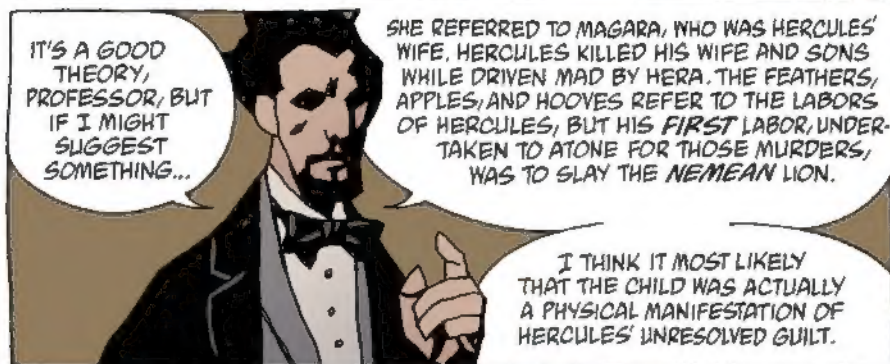
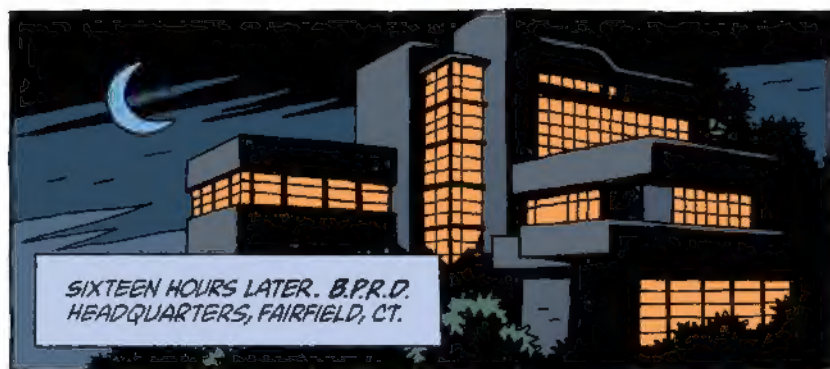














Gárgola
ediciones

VOLUME 2.

